

An ANSWER to the MAIDENS Frollick :

OR, THE
Taylors Resolution to be Reveng'd of these Petticoat Press-Masters, by Bob-
tailing their Gowns and Petticoats for the future, more than ever they have
done heretofore.

To the Tune of, An Orange.

Licensed according to Order.



'TIS not long ago, good People you know,
Since Six Lusty Maids did a Frollicking go,
In Carpolling Driels, Jone, Bridget, and Bels,
Like Lusty stout Seamen they ventur'd to Press
Fourteen Taylors.

Now when they were told, these Press-masters hold,
Were none but Six Lasses scarce Twenty years old,
The Taylors they swore and their Noddles they Toze,
Saying, was ever Work-men so served before,
as we Taylors?

Quoth William Westgate, such Frollicks I hate,
Why should we poor Taylors be serv'd at this rate?
Jone she did me take, and my Collar did shake,
Then haul'd me away like a Bear to the Stake,
a poor Taylor.

Quoth Anthony Bright, Why didst thou not fight,
And put those young Petticoat Sparks to the fight?
Had I been in place then no Female Race
Should neber a proved so high a Disgrace
to we Taylors.

Said VVill. had I known, Nan, Bridget, and Jone
Had been the Pressmasters, they soon should have known,
For calling my Wife she'd a ended the strife;
But for my own part I ne'er fought in my life,
I'm a Taylor.

A Night and a Day confined we lay,
Although we did often both sigh, beg, and pray,
Ralph, Richard, and Ben, and Shon ap Morgen,
In all we were Thirteen or Fourteen stout Men,
Honest Taylors.

Vol 20
16
Thus were we abus'd, and cruelly us'd,
For which these young Ladies shall neer be excus'd;
A Counsel we'll call for to punish them all,
We'll show them no mercy nor pity at all,
as we are Taylors.

To this they agreed, and thus they proceed,
To summons all Taylors that could Write & Read,
Their Sorrows to note, and give in their Vote,
How much Silk or stuff should be pinch'd from a Coat,
by the Taylors.

Our wrongs to repair, from Garments Maids wear,
This must be performed with dexterous care;
'Tis known to be true, one Yard is our due,
But now in rebenge we resolve to take two
for the Taylors.

Down to the Maypole those Taylors did troule,
And there did they meet o'er a cherishing Bowl,
Ralph, Richard, and Ned, these three was the head,
They call for Six Pots, & Twelve dozen of Bread,
like brave Taylors.

The Court being set, the Taylors all met,
Good lack, if the Devil come there with his Pet,
Of both Rich and Poor he had gotten great store,
They say there was surely three hundred and more,
and all Taylors.

Then Shon ap Morgen hur thus did begin,
Cuds-plutter-a-nails hur believes 'tis no Sin,
To coulsen each Shade which did us degrade,
And Cabbage hur knows do's belong to the Trade
of the Taylors.

They all did agree from six yards to steal three,
That these wanton Ladies now punish'd might be,
Welsh Shone's in a huff, said that's not enough
Hur means to steal all, and forswear Silk & Stuff,
like a Taylor.

F I N I S.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare,
J. Black.

The country-mans lamentation for the death of his cow

A Country Swain of little wit one day,
Did kill his Cow because she went astray:
What's that to I or you, she was his own,
But now the As for his Cow doth moan:

Most piteously methink he cries in vain,
For now his Cow, s free from hunger, and pain:
What ails the fool to make so great a stir,
She cannot come to him, he may to her.

To a pleasant Country Tune, called, Colly my Cow.



Little Tom Dogget,
what dost thou mean,
To kill thy poor Colly,
now she's so lean:
Sing, Oh poor Colly;
Colly my Cow;
For Colly will give me
no more milk now.
Prub high, prub hoe,
Prub high, prub hoe,
Prub, prub prub, prub, prub, prub, prub,
Tal dal daw.
I had better have kept her,
till fatter she had been,
For now I confess
she's a little too lean:
Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

First in comes the Tanner,
with his sword by his side;
And he bids me five shillings,
for my Cows hide:
Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.
Then in comes the Tallow-chandler,
whose brains were but shallow,
And he bids me two and six-pence,
for my Cows Tallow:
Sing, Oh poor Colly,
Colly my Cow,
For Colly will give me
no more milk now:
Prub high, prub hoe,
Prub high, and prub hoe,
Sing, prub, prub, prub, prub, prub, prub,
Tal dal daw.



Then in comes the Huntsman,
 so early in the morn,
 He bid me a Penny
 for my Cows horn :
 Sing, Oh poor Colly,
 Colly my Cow :
 For Colly will give me
 no more milk now :
 Pruh high, pruh hoe,
 Pruh high, and pruh hoe, (Pruh
 Sing, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh,
 Tal dal daw.

Then in comes the Tripe-woman,
 so fine and so neat,
 She bid me three-half-pence
 for my Cows feet :
 Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

Then in comes the Butcher,
 that nimble-tongu'd youth :
 Who said he was Carrion,
 but he spoke not the truth :
 Sing, O poor Colly, &c.

This Cow had a skin,
 was as soft as the silk,
 And three times a day,
 my poor Cow would give milk :
 Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

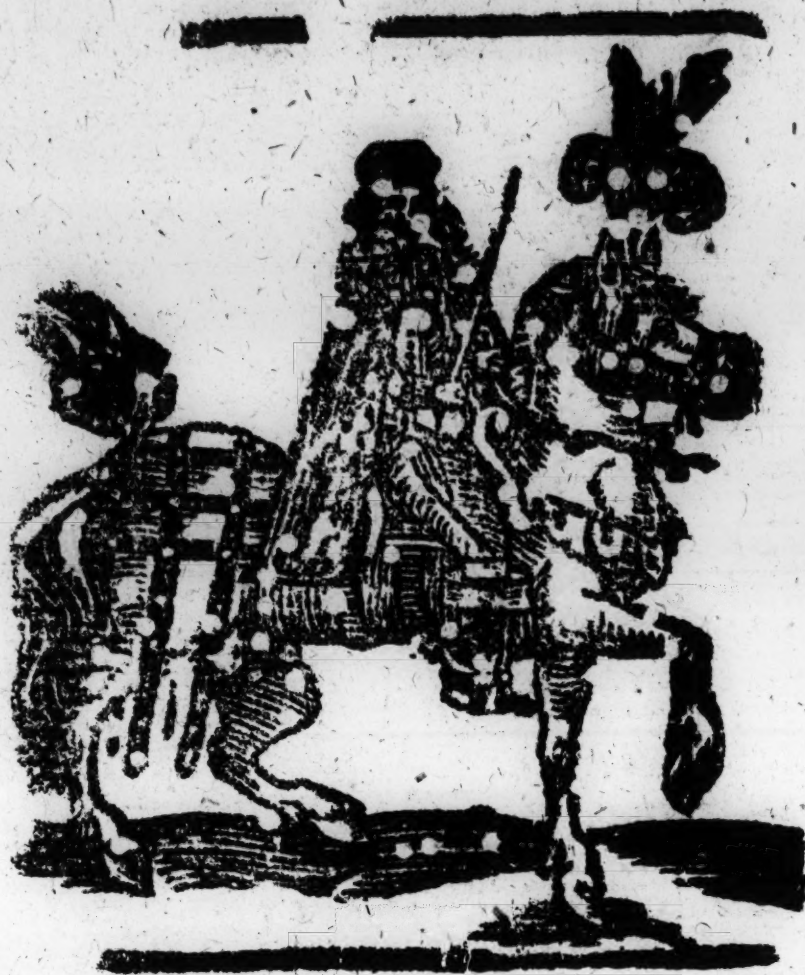
She every year,
 a fine Calf did me bring;
 Which fetcht me a pound,
 for it came in the Spring :
 Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.
 But now I have kill'd her,
 I can't her recall :
 I will sell my poor Colly,
 Hide, Horns, and all :
 Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.
 The Butcher shall have her,
 though he gives but a pound :
 And he knows in his heart,
 that my Colly was sound :
 Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.
 And when he has bought her,
 let him sell all together,
 The flesh for to eat,
 and the hide for Leather.
 Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.
 Some say i'm a Cuckold,
 but i'll swear I am none,
 For how can it be,
 now my horns are gone.
 Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

FINIS

An excellent Ballad, Intituled, The Wandring Prince of Troy.

To the Tune of,

Queen Dido.



When Troy Town for ten years Wars,
withstood the Greeks in manful wise,
Then did their foes increase so fast,
that to resist none could suffice:
Wast lies those walls that were so good,
And corn now grows where Troy town stood.
Aeneas Wandring Prince of Troy,
when he for Land long time had sought,
At length arrived with great joy,
to mighty Carthage walls was brought,
Where Dido's Queen with sumptuous feast,
Did entertain this wandring guest.
And as in Hall at meat they sat,
the Queen desirous news to hear,
Of thy unhappie ten years wars,
declare to me thou Trojan dear,
Thy beavy hap and chance so bad,
That thou pooz wandring Prince hast had.
And then anon this worthy Knight,
with words demure as he could well,
Of his unhappie ten years wars,
so true a tale began to tell;
With words so sweet, and sighs so deep,
That oft he made them all to weep.
And then a thousand sighs he fetcht,
and everie sigh brought tears amain,
That where he sat the place was wet,
as if he had seen those wars again:
So that the Queen with truth therfore,
said, Worthy Prince enough no more.
The darksome night apace grew on,
And twinkling stars, & skies were spread
till he his doleful tale had told,

as everie one lay in his bed;
Where they full sweetly took their rest,
Save onely Dido's hopling breast.
This silly woman never slept,
but in her Chamber all alone,
As one unhappie always kept,
unto the wall she made her moan,
That she should still desire in vain.
The thing that she could not obtain.
And thus in grief she spent the night,
till twinkling stars from skies were fild,
And Phoebus with his glimmering beams,
through misty clouds appeared red:
Then tidings came to her anon
That all the Trojan Ships were gone.
And then the Queen with bloody knife,
did arm her heart as hard as stone,
Yet somewhat loath to loose her life,
in woful case she made her moan;
And rowling on her careful bed,
With sighs and sobs these words she said.
O wretched Dido Queen quoth she,
I see thy end approacheth near,
For he is gone away from thee,
whom thou didst love and hold so dear;
Is he then gone and passed by?
O heave prepare thy self to dye.
Though reason would thou shouldst forbear,
to stop thy hand from bloody stroke,
Yet fancy said thou shouldst not fear,
who fettered thee in Cupids pake:
Come death, quoth she, and end the smart,
And with these words, she pierc'd her heart.



When death had pierc'd the tender heart
 of Dido Carthaginian Queen,
 And bloody knife did end the smart
 which she sustain'd in woful teen :
 Aeneas being Shipt and gone,
 Whose flattery caused all her moan.
 Her Funeral most costly made,
 and all things finish't mournfully,
 Her body fine in mold was laid,
 where it consumed speedily :
 Her Sisters tears her tomb bestrew'd,
 Her Subjects grief their kindness shew'd.
 Then was Aeneas in an Isle
 in Grecia, where he liv'd long space,
 Whereas her Sister in short time,
 writ to him to his foul disgrace :
 In phrase of Letters to her mind,
 She told him plain he was unkind.
 False-hearted wretch, quoth she, thou art,
 and treacherously thou hast betray'd,
 Unto thy Lure a gentle heart,
 which unto thee such welcome made :
 My Sister dear, and Carthage joy,
 whose folly wrought her dire annoy.
 Yet on her death-bed when she lay,
 she prayed for thy prosperity,
 Beseeching God that every day
 might breed thee great felicity :
 Thus by thy means I lost a friend,
 Heavens send thee such untimely end.
 When he these lines, full fraught with gall,
 perused had, and weigh'd them right,
 His lofty courage then did fall,
 and freight appeared in his sight,
 Queen Dido's Ghost both grim and pale,
 which made this valiant Shoulder quail.

Aeneas, quoth
 my whole delight while I did
 Thee of all men I loved most,
 my fancy and my will did give :
 For entertainment I thee gave,
 Unthankfully thou dig'st my grave.
 Therefore prepare thy fleeting soul
 to wander with me in the air,
 Where deadly grief shall make it howl,
 because of me thou took'st no care ;
 Delay no time, thy glass is run,
 Thy day is past, thy death is come.
 Stay a while thou lovely spright,
 be not so ready to run
 My soul into eternal night,
 where it shall ne'er behold bright day :
 Do not frown ! thy angry look,
 Hath made my breath my life forsook.
 But 'tis no use, it is in vain,
 and bootless is my dismal cry,
 Time will not be recall'd again,
 nor you surcease before I dye :
 Let me live to make amends,
 Unto some of thy dearest friends.
 But seeing thou obdurate art,
 and will no pity on me show,
 Because from thee I did depart,
 and left unpaid what I did owe :
 I must content my self to take
 what lot thou wilt with me partake.
 And like one being in a Trance,
 a multitude of ugly Fiends
 About this woful Prince did dance,
 no help he had of any friends :
 His body then they took away,
 And no man knew his dying day.

An Excellent Ballad of the Mercers Son of Midhurst;

And the Cloathiers Daughter of Guilford.
To the Tune of, *Dainty come thou to me.*

There was a Wealthy man,
In Suffex he did dwell,
A Mercer by his Trade,
as many yet can tell:
He had a Youthful Son
whom fancy did so move,
He cryed night and Day,
Alack I dye for love.
Alack I dye for Love,
beauty disdained me;
The Cloathiers Daughter dear,
works my extremity:
She hath my heart in hold,
that did most cruel prove,
Thus cry'd he night and day,
Alack, &c.
Alack I dye for Love,
fortune so sore doth frown,
The jewel of my heart,
dwelleth in Guilford Town:
There lieth the lamp of life,
for whom this pain I prove,
Fair Phillis pittie me,
Alack, &c.
Alack I dye for love,
and can no comfort find,
The Cloathiers Daughter dear,
heareth too high a mind:
Sweet beauties Paragon,
fair Venus silber Dove,
Fair Phillis pittie me,
Alack, &c.
Alack I dye for Love,
whilst thou dost laugh and smile,
Let not thy pleasure be,
true Love for to beguile:
My life lies in your hand,
then as it doth behove,
Slay not the Mercers Son;
Alack, &c.
If that my beauty bright,
both griebe thy heart (quoth she)
Then let the Mercers Son,
turn still his face from me:
I do no man disdain,
nor can I cruel prove,
My heart must still say nay,
Where my heart cannot love.
Where my heart cannot love,
lovers all must I shun,
The Cloathiers Daughter thus,

answered the Mercers Son:
I hear no lossy mind,
yet pittie cannot move,
My mind to fancy him,
where, &c.
Where my heart cannot love,
I must his love deny,
Although I laugh and smile,
yet falsehood I see:
Thou art too fond a man,
life danger thus to prove,
He not wed good friend John,
where my heart cannot love.
What good can there befall,
to that new married Wife,
Where goods and wealth is small
want causeth deathly strife:
But where is wealth at will,
experience oft doth prove,
Though love at first is small,
yet goods increaseth love.
Yet goods increaseth love,
and I will never wed,
But were the Key of Gold
opens the door to Bed:
For he may merry be,
what chancee forber hap,
Where bags of money comes
tumbling within her lap.
Tumbling within her lap,
whilst she her Gold doth tell,
With such a husband Sir,
I do delight to dwell,
Were he young, were he old,
deform'd or fair in show,
My pleasure still should be,
where pleasure still doth flow.
Where pleasure still doth flow,
is that your mind (quoth he)
My Father will bestow
as much as comes to thee:
Hadst thou the hundred pound,
five hundred more beside,
My Father will bestow:
If thou wilt be my Bride.
If thou wilt be my Bride,
thus much I understand,
My Father will give me,
his house and eke his Land;
So whilst that he doth live,
with us he may remain;

What says my hearts delight,
is this a bargain plain?
This is a bargain plain,
(quoth she) I am content,
So he perform this thing,
I give thee my consent,
And I will merry be,
my mind shall not remove,
Thou shalt be my Sweet-heart,
I'll be thy own true love.
He be thy own true love,
then make no more delay,
I greatly long to see
our marriage happy day.
To Midhurst in all haste,
goeth the Mercers Son;
He told his Father dear,
his true love he had won.
The old man hearing this,
conveyed out of hand,
Assurance to his Son,
of all his house and Land,
When he had done this deed,
he wept most bitterly,
Saying, my dearest Son,
thou must be good to me:
Well worth two hundred pound,
this morning was I known,
But the Cloaths of my back
now nothing is my own:
And all this I have done,
dear Son to pleasure thee,
Think on thy Fathers love,
and deal thou well with me,
Dear Father (quoth the Son)
if I do not do so,
God pour upon my head,
hot vengeance, grief and woe,
The young-man wedded was,
to his fair lovely Bride,
But wondrous grief, and woe:
thereof there did betide,
As after you shall hear,
in the old mans Complaint,
A tale of greater grief,
cannot your heart attraine
A warning by this thing,
all men may understand,
Lest they do come to like,
under their Childrens hand.
F I N I S.

**A Ballad, Intituled, The Old Mans Complaint against his
Wretched Son, who to Advance his Marriage, did undo himself.
To the same Tune.**



AL you that Fathers be,
look on my misery,
Let not affection fond,
work your extremity,
For to advance my Son,
in Marriage wealthily,
I have my self undone,
without all remedy,
I that was wont to live
uncontroul'd any way,
With many checks and taunts,
am grieved every day:
Alack and woe is me,
I that might late command,
Cannot have a bit of Bread,
but at my Childrens hand.
While I was wont to sit,
chief at the Tables end,
Now like a Servant slave,
must I on them attend,
I must not come in place
where their friends merry be
Lest I should my Son disgrace,
with my unreverency,
My coughing in the night,
offends my Daughter-in-Law,
My deafness and ill sight,
doth much disliking draw,
Fie on this doting fool,
this crooked Churl (quoth she)
The Chimney-corner still,
must with him troubled be,
I must rise from my Chair,
to give my Children place,
I must speak Servants fair,
this is my woful case.
Unto their friends they tell,
(I must not say they lye)
That they do keep me here,
even of mere Charity.

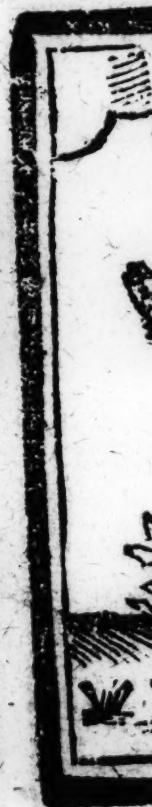
When I am sick in bed,
they will not come me nigh,
Each day they wish me dead,
yet say I'll never dye:
O Lord an't he thy will,
look on my woful case,
No honest man before,
ever took such disgrace.
This was the Old man's plaint
every night and day,
With woe he waxed faint,
but mark what I shall say.
This rich and dainty pair,
the young-man and his Wife,
Though clog'd with Golden Coin,
yet led a grievous life.
Seven years they married were,
and yet in all that space,
God sent them ne'r an heir,
their Riches to embrace:
Thus did their sorrow breed,
joy was from them erill'd,
Quoth she, a hundred pound,
would I give for a Child:
To have a ioyful Child,
of my own body born,
Full oft I am rebell'd,
of this my barren Womb:
Much Physick did she take,
to make a fruitful soil,
And with accels thereof,
her body she did spoyle.
Full of grief full of pain,
full of each grew she then,
That she cries out amain,
seek for some cunning men.
That I my health may have,
I will no money spare,
But that which she did crave,
never fell to her share.

Alack, alack, she said,
what torments I live in,
How well are they afraid,
that truly ease can win:
So that I had my health,
and from this pain was free,
I would give all my wealth,
that Blessed day to see.
O that I my health had,
though I were ne'r so poor,
I car'd not though I went,
begging from door to door:
Fie on this muck, quoth she,
it cannot pleasure me,
In this my woful case,
and great extremity.
Thus liv'd she long in pain,
all comfort from her fled,
She strangled at the last
her self within the bed.
Her husband full of grief,
consumed wofully,
His body pin'd away,
suddenly he did dye:
Ere thirteen years were past,
dy'd he without a will,
And by this means at last,
the old man living still;
Enjoy'd his Land at last,
after much misery,
Many years after that,
liv'd he most happily.
Far richer then before,
by this means was he known:
He help'd the sick and sore,
the poor man overthrow.
But this was all his Song,
let all men understand,
Those Parents are accurst,
live on their Childrens hand.

Vol 20 164

The FEMALE Ramble OR, The Three Buxome Lasses of Northampton-

Containing their pleasant Pastime at the Naggs Head, together with many
lowed thereupon. Tune is, *Let Cesar live long.* Licensed according



YOU young Men and Lasses I'd have ye take care,
When you are returning from Market or Fair;
For fear you should stay at the Naggs-Head all night,
To reap the fond pleasures of wanton delight,
And then send the Maids to the Doctors with speed,
For Physick, lest any by sporting should breed.

These Lasses were buxome and beautiful too,
So long as they staid with the Rebelling Crew;
But yet after this upon All-Holland-Day,

Poor Lasses they purg'd their
So that they lamented to see the
And thus they repented a little

On last Christmas-Day as I hear
One of these young Maids in a
Came to a young Man and she
Now when she had been in his
She said, you may see I am del
Come kiss now, and hug me, I

blers.

n-shire,

any Intrigues that fol-
ording to Order.



their sweet Beauties away;
see their sad Fate,
little too late.

I here do profess
in a delicate Dress,
d she gave him a smile,
n his presence a while,
am delicate fine,
me, I wish I was thine;

This Damsel one day to the Town she would go,
That her loving Gallant some kindness might show;
She sought him a while, but he could not be found,
Yet still she kept hunting and searching all round,
And said with a sigh and a sorrowful tear,
If thou dost not come, I have no comfort here.

Another young Damsel of this very Race,
Did happen to be in a piteous case,
Her brawny Posteriours she chanc'd to let slip,
Which run down her Stockings, and caus'd her to cry,
Had ever poor Creature such fortune before,
This woful disaster doth trouble me sore.

At length some reflections by chance being spread,
Concerning the wanton lewd lives they had led,
To Northampton straight in a passion they go,
To take forth a Warrant, in order to know
Which was the most honest true Maid of the three,
This was to be try'd by a Justice Decree.

Young Sarah was then in a passionate rage,
And swore by her Maiden-head she would engage
An honest Mans courage in short to pull down,
And have all his Land for to buy her a Gown;
But straight he said to this young passionate Lass,
He'd keep it when she had no Smock to her Arse.

Fine delicate Mantua's these Damsels adore,
With gay pellow Birdies, and twenty things more;
To make their sweet beauty most splendid appear,
And yet these poor Lasses are never the near;
Alone without Husbands they're forced to lye,
Which makes them right glad of a Touch by the By.

Young Lasses if you would your Credit maintain,
Such idle loose Company strive to refrain;
'Tis true, I wou'd have ye be merry and wise,
Lest you should your Maiden-heads lose by surprize:
For if that sweet Jewel should chance to be lost,
You cannot regain it by infinite cost.

F I N I S.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Bach

The Green-sickness grief, Or a Maidens moan,
Complaining because her Sweet-heart was gone.

To a pleasant new Tune.



Come, come my sweet and bonny one,
thou hast my heart in hold,
Thou mak'st me sigh when I should sing
and sweat when I am a cold,
Thou mak'st me weep,
When I should sleep,
My Bed with tears I fill;
O both night and day,
I wast away,
Wanting my wish at will.

Every Bird can chuse her Mate,
the Ant can do the same.
Both Fish and Fowl their pleasure take,
and follow after Game:

Whilst I alone,
Dore my one,
My loathed life do spill.
O both night, &c.

Sometimes I dream I see my Love,
and fold him in my arms,
But when I awake I am deceiv'd,
which breeds me mickle harme;
Such pains I bear,
As able were,
A silly soul to kill.
O both night, &c.

Would Jove my Bed stood in the place,
where my True-love doth rest,
Then would I fold within my arms,
the man whome I love best.

But he is gone,
From me alone,
Which now my heart doth kill.
O both night, &c.

Though thou art gone from me my Love
and had not me farewell,
Yet will I pray for thy return,
till thou com'st here to dwell.

Pray God thee keep,
From dangers deep,
Defend thee from all ill.
O both night, &c.

And so farewell my own true Love,
since 'twill no better be,
That you and I must needs depart,
there is no remedy.

I'll pray that thee,
Full safe may be
Still guarded from all ill.
O both night, &c.

The Ship that my true Love sails in
is made of Oken wood,
As good a Ship as ever sail'd
upon the Ocean-flod:

From Sands and Rocks,
And Pyrats knocks,
Sweet Jove defend him still.
O both night and day,
I wast away,

Wanting my wish at will.

The Green-sickness greif: Or,

The Sailors new comming to his dearest Sweeting,
Shewing what joy they receiv'd at their meeting.



My only dear, for whose sweet sake,
I now am home return'd;
Cheer up thy self, and weep no more,
thou look'st as thou hadst mourn'd:

My going was,
Sweet-heart alas,
To probe thy constant will.
And thou my Love,
Do constant prove,
Therefore Ile love thee still.

When I on Neptunes surly waves
was tossed to and fro,
Then I remembred thee my love,
which did increase my wo;

That I should go,
To hazard so,
My love and life to spill.
But now I am here,
My only Dear,
I will stay with thee still.

Leander like I would have swom
a Hellespont for thee:
Now like Uliesses I will prove,
unto his Penelopee.

Before I part,
From thee Sweet-heart,
Death with his Dart shall kill,
And steal my breath,
For untill death,
Thou hast my heart at will.

When sable night, the time of sleep,
to each eye did appear,
Thy absence then struck me so deep,
the weight I scarce could bear,

And to unbind,
My troubled mind,
I come Love with good will,
To live with thee,
Is best for me;
And I will love thee still.

The cause that might induce me to't
was as I then did hear,
That thou all comfort did refuse,
cause thou hadst lost thy Dear:

But now I find,
Thee true and kind,
To thee I will be still
The same for aye,
At each assay,
Ile keep thee from all ill.

Sweet Mate now let us joyfully
go unto Church with speed,
If thou'lt Leander prove my Love,
Hero Ile be to thee;

I do resoyce,
To see my choyce,
Contrary bent to ill;
Sith it is so
Come let us go,
Our Marriage to fullfill.

E I N I S.

The Low-Country Soldier:

O R,

his Humble Petition at his Return into *England*, after his
Bold Adventures in Bloody Battels.

To an excellent new Tune.

Licensed according to Order.



God your Worship cast an Eye
Upon a Soldier's Misery;
Let not these lean Checks, I pray,
Your Worship's Bounty from me stay;
But like a Noble Friend,
Some Silver lend,
And Jove shall pay you in the end,
And I will pray that Fate,
May make you Fortunate,
In Heaven, or in some Earthly State.

To Beg, I ne'er was bled, kind Sir,
Which makes me blush to keep this life;
Nor do I robe from Place to Place,
Or to make known my woful Case:
For I am none of those

That a Robing goes,
And in rambling show their drunken blows;
For all that they have got,
Is by hanging of the Pot,
In wrangling who should pay their shot.

Olympick Games I oft have seen,
And in brave Battels have I been;
The Cannons there aloud did Roar,
My proffer high was evermore:

For, out of a Brabado,
When in a Barricado,
By tossing of a Hand-Granado,
Death then then was very near,
When it took away this Car;
But yet, thank God, I'm here, I'm here,

And at the Siege of Buda there,
I was blown up into the Air,
From whence I tumbled down again,
And lay a while among the slain;
Yet rather than be beat,
I got upon my Feet,
And made the Enemy retreat;
My self and seven more
We fought Eleven score;
The Rogues were ne'er so thrash'd before.

I have, at least, a dozen times,
Been blown up by these Roguish Mines,
Twice through the Skull have I been shot,
That my Brains do boil like any Pot:
Such Dangers have I past,
At first and at last,
As would make your Worship's eyes aghast.
And there I lay for dead
Till the Enemy was fled,
And then they carried me home to Bed.

At push of Pike I lost this Eye,
And at Birgam's Siege I broke this Thigh;
At Ostend, like a Warlike Lad,
I laid about as I were mad;
But little would you think,
That e'er I had been
Such a good Old Soldier of the Queen.
But if Sir Francis Vere
Were living now, and here,
He would tell you how I dash'd 'em there.

The Hollanders my Fury know
For oft with them I've dealt a Blow:
Then did I take a Warlike Dance,
Quite through Spain, and into France;
And there I spent a Flood
Of very Noble Blood,
Yet all would do but little good;
For now I home am come,
With my Rags upon my Bum,
And crave of your Worship one small Summ.

And now my Case you understand,
Pray lend to me your helping hand;
A little thing would pleasure me,
To keep in mind your Charity:
It is not Bread and Cheese,
Nor Barley Lees,
Or any such like Scraps as these;
But what I beg of you,
Is a Shilling one or two,
Kind Sir, your Purse-string pray undo.

EPILOGUE

HAve I spent all my days in Bloody Wars,
Thus slash'd, carbonado'd, & cut out in scars,
Have I danc'd o'er the Ice, march'd thro' the Dirt
Without either Hat, Hose, Shoe, or Shirt?
And must I now beg, bow, troop, trudge and trot,
To every Pagan, and poor Peasant Sot?
No, by this Hand and Sword not I,
That Man's not fit to Live that fears to Die:
I'll Purse it then, the High-way is my Hope;
His Heart's not big, that fears a little Rope,
—— Stand, and Deliver, Sir ——
Here Boy take my Horse, walk him if thou'rt able,
Lead him a turn or two, & put him into th' Stable,
As for you Mrs. Winks, don't at me Jeer,
To Night for Supper let me have good Cheer;
My Pheasant, my Fowls, and choice of other Birds,
I'll not be fed with Apple-pye, Cheese, and Curds:
As for your Swine's Flesh, I'll eat none,
Unless it be a Roast Pig, and then I may pick a bone.

The rest my Boy shall Transport into his Snap-
sack, and so we are prepared for the next
Rendezvous.

J J R J S.

The Lamenting Ladies last farewel to the WORLD.

Who being in a strange Exile bewales her
own misery, complains upon Fortune and Destiny, describeth
the manner of her breeding, deplores the loss of her parents
wishing peace and happinesse to *England*, which was her native
Country, and withall resolved for death, chearfully commen-
deth her soul to heaven, and her body to the earth, and quiet-
ly departed this life: *Anno 1650.*

To an excelent new Tune, *O bone, O bone.*



M Darnful Melpomeny
assist my quill,
That I may pensibly,
now make my will,
Guse thou my hand, to write
And serces to indite,
A Ladies last good night,
O pittty me.

I that was nobly bozn,
blither am sent:
Like to a wretch forlozn,
here to lament;
In this most strange exile
Here to remain a while:
Will heaven be pleas'd to smile:
and send for me.

My friends cannot come nigh
me in this place:
For bear me company
such is my case,

Poor I am left alone,
But selo regard my money:
All my delights are gone
heaven succour me,

Each day with cares and feares,
I am perplext,
My drink is brinish tears
with sorrow mixt.
When others soundly sleep,
I sadly sob and weep:
Opprest with dangers deep
Lord comfort me.

When England flourish'd,
my Parents dear
Tenderly nourished
me many a year,
I was advanc'd on high,
In place of dignity,
In olden bravery
they decked me.



M rich
Never to
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Old and
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Never to
so much
My hat
My pot
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How we
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In garments deckt, with pearl
 richly appareld,
 Never was English girl
 better belov'd;
 And young, great and small
 waited upon my call,
 Had the love of all,
 That did know me.

Out from my former state
 I am call'd back,
 Through destiny and fate,
 All goes to wrack,
 Fortune did lately frown,
 And caught me by the Crown,
 And pulled me head-long down,
 Oh woe is mine

My dear friends are decay'd,
 Which lov'd me best,
 Never was harmlesse maid,
 So much distressed:
 My father he is dead.
 My mother banished,
 All joys are from me fled,
 Wherein comfort, me.

Now where are they at ease
 And so softly blest,

That may goe when they please
 and where they list
 To see their Parents kind,
 As nature doth them bind,
 Such joyes I cannot finde,
 Ah woe is mine.

All earthly helps are gone,
 I will and must
 Onely in God alone
 Put my whole trust.
 O blessed Trinity,
 One God and persons three,
 Release my misery,
 and comfort me.

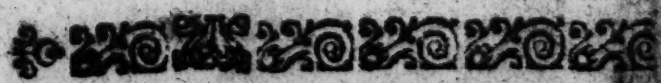
No creature on the earth,
 can ease my griefe,
 Until such time as death
 yeeld me reliefe,
 A coffin and a grave,
 Is that which I would have,
 Sweet Christ my soule receive
 and saour me.

My Enemies that bee,
 both great and small,
 Good Lord I pray to thee
 forgive them all.

May England flourish brave,
 When I am laid in grave
 So thus I take my leave
 Christ calls for me.

I have in heaven above
 a place prepar'd
 Never shall I depart
 from thence afterwards
 Goe tole my passing bell,
 Whilst Angels ring my knell,
 So vain world now farewell
 Christ sends for me.

When these words had spoke,
 with chearfull heart,
 The noble minded maid
 then did depart
 No doubt her soules at rest
 with them whom God hath blest.
 The last words she exprest.
 was, Christ calls for me



London, Printed for Tho. Ver.
 at the signe of the Angell
 without Newgate,

The Lancashire Cuck

O-R, - T H E
Country Parish-Clark betray'd by a Conjuror's Inchant
To the Tune of, Fond Boy, &c. Licensed according to Or



A Lancashire Farmer he had a fair Wife,
Whom the Clark of the Parish did love as life;
In the pleasures of Love they would scrollick and play,
Now her kind loving Husband grew jealous they say:
To a cunning Man therefore the Farmer did go,
To be told whether he was a Cuckold or no.

The Conjuror cry'd, If my counsel you'll take,
Then to morrow right pleasant good sport I will make,
For I have a strong Charm that will lock them all fast,
And as pleasant a Pipe, that at every blast,
All that hears it shall caper and dance too and fro,
And you'll find by this if you'r Cuckold or no.

Go tell your kind Wife you must ride out with speed,
And you shall not return till the next day indeed;
Now to keep yourself warm take your cloak and your gown;

There's an old hollow Oak ha
In that very same Tree if you
The next morning I'll show y
The Farmer resolving this p
With the Conjuror's humour b
Having told his sweet Wife he
She began with a sorrowful sig
Yet his back being turn'd, for
That all night they might reve
Against the Clark's coming, a
Unto which they had humming
When the Supper was ended,
All the night in their wanfon
But before the next morning t
Which the cunning Man he b

Cuckold :

anted Chamber-pot.

to Order,



Dak half a mile out of Town,
 If you lodge here all night,
 Show you a delicate sight.
 This project to try,
 In love he straight did comply;
 Wife he must ride out of Town,
 To look down;
 For her Gallant she sent,
 To rebel in joys with content.
 Ring, a capon the best,
 Drinking March-beer of the best,
 Ended, to bed they did high,
 When embraces to lye;
 When there was a strange rout,
 As he by his Charms, might about.

The Conjuror-Scholar got in by his skill,
 Where he lay full as safe as a thief in a Mill;
 In the Piss-pot he set such a Charm at the last,
 That who e'er toucht the same, should be sure to stick fast;
 Now the Clark to make water near morning did rise,
 Then the Piss-pot was lockt fast betwixt his two thighs.
 The Farmer's far Wife she rose up in her shift,
 For to help her poor Lover out at a dead lift;
 On his delicate Widdoul her right hand she got,
 With the left hand she seiz'd on the side of the Pot,
 Where she tug'd and she pull'd till she made her arms ake,
 For she likewise stuck fast like a Bear to a stake.
 In this sad distress with her foot she did knock,
 Then her Daughter she straightways run up in her smock.
 Quoth the Mother, Girl, help us and make no excuse,
 Sure the Pot is bewitch'd for we cannot get loose;
 Pretty Nancy endeavour'd to set them both free,
 But as soon as she touch'd it they stuck there all three.
 The cunning Man open'd the door, being day,
 On his Conjuror pipe he began for to play;
 Naked all but their shifts they did caper and dance
 Through the Town, till they met with a Tailor by chance.
 Who would needs break the Pot, being lusty and strong,
 But he stuck fast and likewise went dancing along.
 He piping did lead them along the highway,
 Till they came to a place where her Husband he lay;
 Who when hearing a noise, he peep'd out of the Oak
 Like a Man that was frighted, the first words he spoke,
 He cry'd, What my friend Richard the good Parish-Clark
 Is it you then that tickles my Wife in the back.
 Now when they had caper'd three times round the Oak,
 Then the Spell of Enchantment immediately broke;
 The poor Tailor he run, but the Clark staid behind.
 Quoth the Farmer, By you I'm a Cuckold I find;
 If for this foul offence, I am not satisfy'd,
 I'll immediately whip out your nutmegs, he cry'd.
 The Clark he did proffer to give him ten pound,
 For it was but a trespass, he said, on his ground;
 But the Farmer no less then a hundred would have,
 And the other did give him his Nutmegs to save;
 Their apparel was sent for, and when they were dress'd,
 They went all to the Ale-house, and laugh'd at the jest.

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